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The Life of the Party

MICHELIN

full-size tubes



Actual photograph showing greater width of Michelin Tubes

Obviously Best For All Cord Tires

MICHELIN TUBES are larger in cross section than other makes, and for that reason more nearly fill the casing.

This advantage is particularly important to users of Cord Tires. If a tube must be stretched by inflation to fill an ordinary fabric casing, it

must be stretched still more to fill an "over-size" cord tire. Tubes that are thus stretched cannot last as long as full-size Michelins.

Michelin Tubes are best for all tires, but there is a double advantage in using Michelins in cord casings. Ask your dealer if this is not so.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, N. J.

Other Factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy

Dealers Everywhere



Life



The Masqueraders

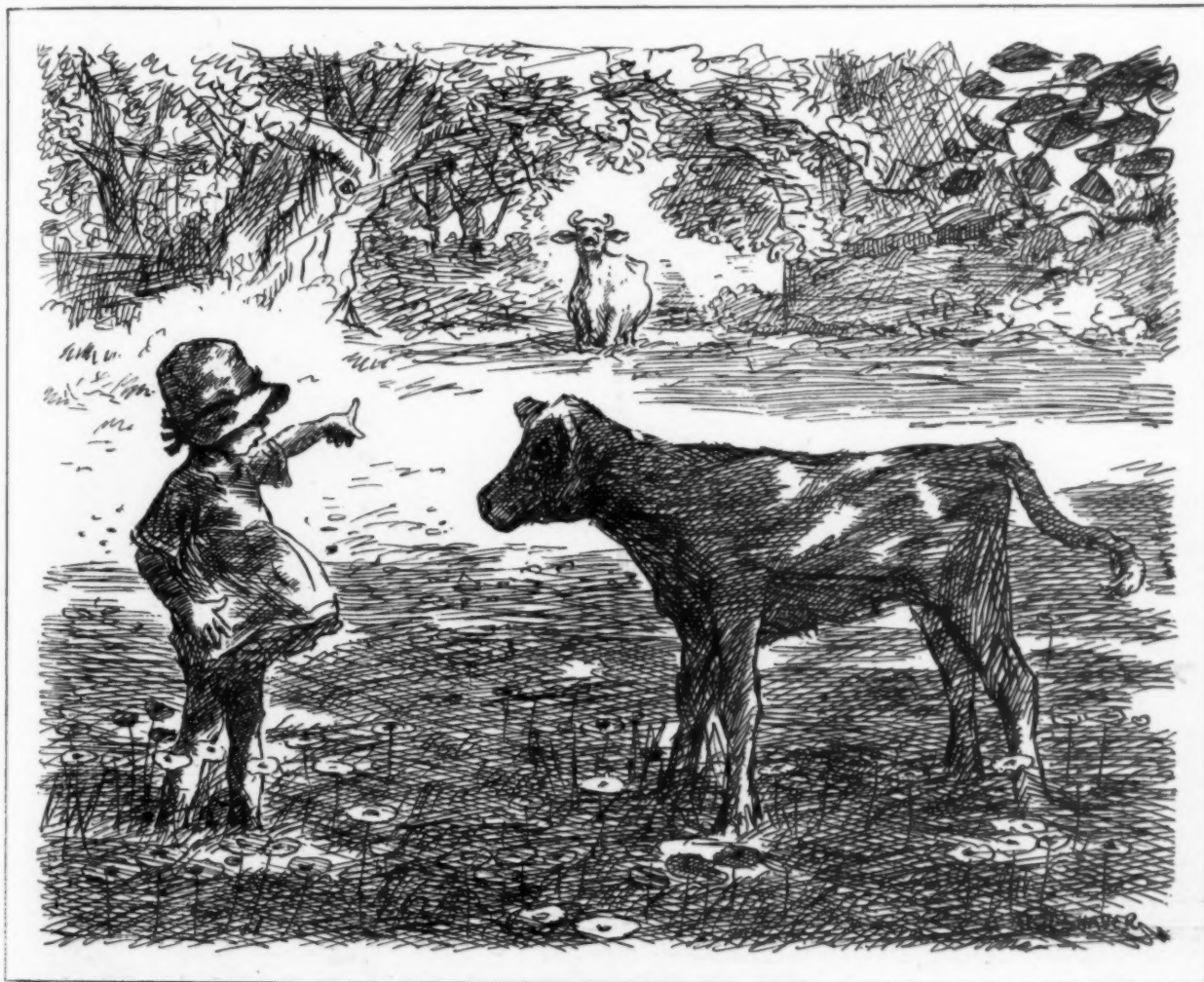
THE telephone looks like a dolly;
The decanter resembles a book;
The doorstep's a cat, and so lifelike at
that,
I have always to stop for a look.

The shoehorn is painted with flowers;
The whiskbroom's disguised as a fan;
The canary's pagoda is made in the mode a
Mechanic might choose in Japan.

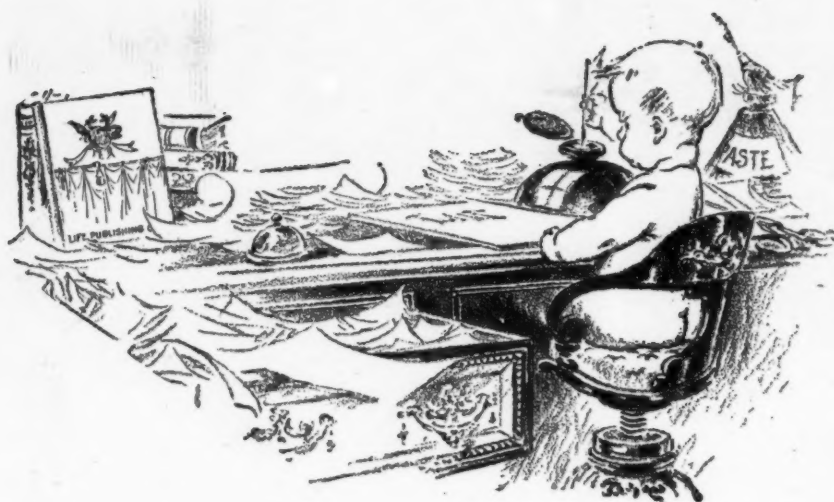
The phonograph's carved like a coffer
From some ancient baronial hall;
There's a patent intention no modern in-
vention
Shall look as if modern at all.

The electrics are camouflaged candles;
And fringes and ribbons the rule:
But we bear it and sigh, her mother and I,
Till Betty's back safely in school.

Wex Jones.



"Your mother's calling you."



Sanctum Talks

LIFE! How are you?"
"Secretary Denby! It's good to look at you. Disarm yourself and sit down."

"Well, I don't mind sitting down, but—"

"Oh, that's only a pleasantry. You couldn't have lived in Detroit all these years without a sense of humor. What can I do for you?"

"I have got a sense of humor, LIFE. Believe me when I say it. But, all the same, I came in for consolation."

"And you'll get it. I am ready to console almost anybody; I constantly console myself with the reflection that, even if things are pretty bad, they might be worse."

"You see, LIFE, I had to do all that to Sims, and—"

"You couldn't quite do it to Harvey. Too bad, too bad! Just as every dinner party has someone who makes a fool of himself, so every administration has a—"

"Harvey couldn't help it. He was born that way. But about Sims?"

"You couldn't help it, because you were nominated that way. Still—"

"But to get down to brass tacks, I am for the biggest navy in the world, and with Sims at the head of it."

"Think that's all right, do you?"

"I know it."

"Maybe the big gun men are trying to put over something on you."

"Well, I'd rather have them put over something on me, right here at home where I can deal with them, than have others I might mention—"

"Other countries, Mr. Denby?"

"Exactly."

"Maybe they feel the same way about it."

"Look here, LIFE, if you are going to pussyfoot around like that, then let me set you straight."

"Proceed."

"Where would the world be to-day if England hadn't had a big navy?"

"Go on."

"And where will we be to-morrow if we don't have one?"

"But—"

"We don't want to conquer anybody, and we don't want anybody to conquer us."

"But, Mr. Secretary, wouldn't you—?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"But suppose—"

"Suppose nothing. I came for consolation and—"

"You'll get it, Mr. Denby. I'm with you! Let's have the biggest navy in the world, and then say to everybody, 'Now will you be good! Feel any better?'"

"Wonderful! Thank you, LIFE!"

"Don't mention it. Any little thing—"

T. L. M.

The Reason

MOTHER: You mustn't ask so many foolish questions, Gwendolyn. Mother didn't do it when she was a little girl.

GWENDOLYN: I guess that's why there are so many things you can't tell us about now.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$15,525.13
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\$15,994.38



"Look at him, Frank, right in the middle of the fresh varnish. Do you suppose turpentine will get him off?"



"Now May I Continue?"

Thoughts on a Scenario

(After Seeing an Improved Version of a Story of Adventure by One R. L. S.)

WHATCHA think they wished on me this time? Macbeth—you know—Shakespeare. Those old guys always need a lot of jazzing up, but I'll tell the world that I'm the lad to do it. Sure I read the book. I always do to get the main idea.

The show starts off with three witches—three, get me? Well, that won't be so when you see the real thing. We're gonna have nine witches—bewitching witches, hey, boy?—from the Follies. Y' see, these witches get Macbeth crazy about the ouija board, and he gets King Duncan up in his castle and croaks him. In the book his wife is worse than he is. Well, our public ain't going to stand for little Muriel Marshmallow—sure, she's in on it—getting mixed up with any hard-boiled part. We'll make Lady Macbeth a simple little girl-wife that tries to make her husband go straight but sticks to him when he doesn't. Scotch lassie—get me?—"Hoot, mon, the auld gentleman has long white whiskers just like papa's. Dinna bump him off."

Shakespeare doesn't use any dialect at all, but I guess he didn't know much about local color.

Here's something. Macbeth is supposed to take a drink before he kills the king. Say, a Scotchman wouldn't even notice one little drink. And doesn't he get to seeing things? It ain't made the most of—just a bloody dagger—but I'll see the animal men about that. Great chances for comedy.

And after the murder, I'll have Macbeth say to the king's son, "Hoots, hoots, your ain feyther, too." That makes everybody suspect them, so they jump out of the window onto their horses, and then we can have a swell chase, see?

Oh, I got ideas to burn. Banquo's ghost comes in at a banquet and Macbeth, he says, "Take any shape but that!" so the ghost does—get the comedy?—takes ten or twelve, and there's no pleasing Macbeth with any of 'em. Sure, we could get in a chase there, too. It'd be swell with an elephant and Macbeth in breezy kilts on the sky-line.

But I ain't told you my best one. Y'know they just come in and tell Macbeth that the queen's dead, in the book. Well, just remember about Malcolm's men bringing in the branches and dumping 'em in front of the castle. Lady Macbeth, she gets sort o' crazy from worrying about the way her husband's been acting up, and she jumps off the battle-



Kennel Man: I can assure you, Madam, he's a one-man dog.

She: A one-man dog! Oh, then he'd never do for me.

ments. Killed? I ask you! She lands in that pile of brush and it breaks her fall like a feather bed. It stuns her a little, but it makes her all right in the head, too.

Well, after the battle—got another grand chase there, too, ending up in a regular Bill Hart mix-up, with Macbeth and Macduff going to it—Macduff, he comes along and finds Lady Macbeth lying there. Of course he thinks she's dead and registers sorrow, takes off hat, kneels down, and then she opens her eyes. Bingo! They were childhood sweethearts, you see, and Macduff he says,

"I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie," and Lady Macbeth smiles sort o' pitiful and says,

"In the days of Auld Lang Syne." Local color again, y'see, and it all ends

with a great close-up—Macduff and Lady Macbeth walking off into a big white moon, and Macduff saying,

"'Tis a braw, bricht nicht in the Highlands, but I guess the moon won't tell." Oh, boy! Won't that knock 'em dead?

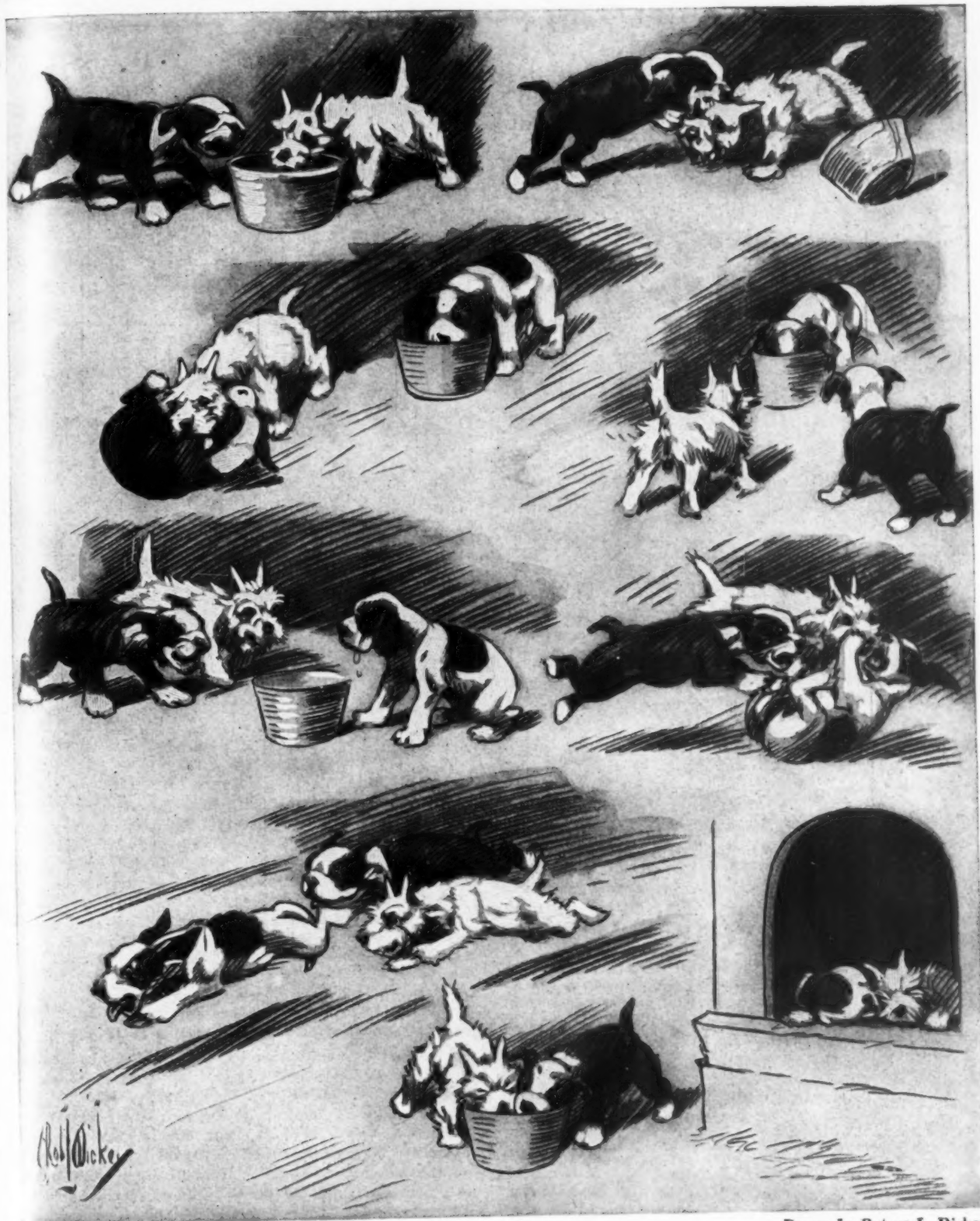
H. S. Stuckey.

The Toiler

"HOW is your new hired man?" "Well," replied Farmer Jones, "he broke two hoe handles yesterday." "Working so hard?" "No, leaning on 'em."

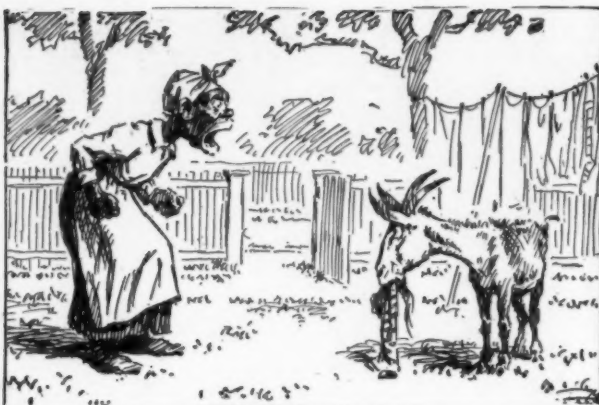
HE: What would you do if I should steal a kiss?

SHE: It all depends on whom you steal it from.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

Friendly Enemies.



1

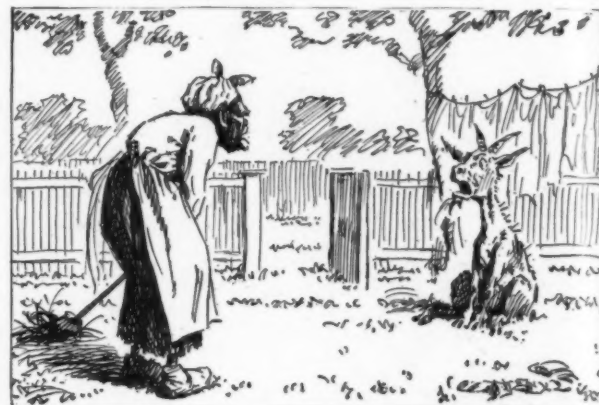


2



Drawn by A. B. Frost

5



6

Mandy's

If Boys Had Their Way

SCHOOL teachers' salaries would not be a disgrace to our communities—there would be no school.

Mothers would not have to scold about the holes in the knees of stockings time and again—boys would not wear stockings.

There would be no necessity of a bribe to make them submit to the dentist—dentists as such would not exist.

Cheeky patrons would not be able to forge ahead of others in the waiting-line at the movie box-office—there would be no box-office.

Boys would cease to shy at bath-tubs on Saturday nights—bath-tubs would be abolished.

No dog would stoop to making an embarrassing play for sympathy by following one through the streets—every dog would have a home.

Farmers would not have to waste time guarding their apple orchards with a shotgun—all orchards would be public property.

Whimpering and pleading to stay up a little while longer after nine o'clock would never occur in any household—there would be no such thing as "bed-time."

Shop-keepers would never be out ten or fifteen dollars on account of windows broken with baseballs—windows would be made indestructible.

Boys would never sulk and complain about the fit of made-over pants—fathers would wear their pants out themselves.

Grown-up sisters would not have to worry on callers' nights that younger brothers were outside, eavesdropping—a young brother would be accorded a listening-post under the sofa for such occasions.

There would be no asking for a second and third piece of cake at dinner—everybody would get a whole cake in the first place.

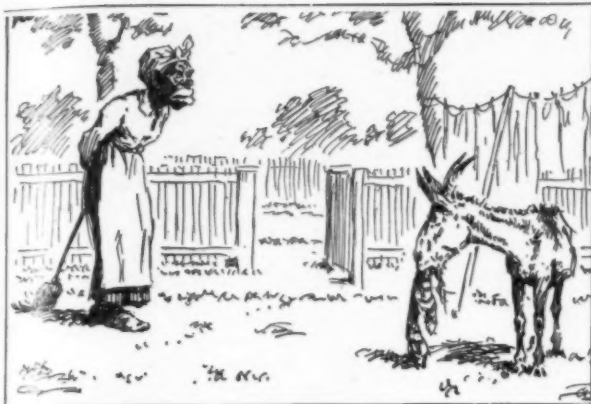
Edmund J. Kiefer.

When Chess Provokes Baseball Enthusiasm

Rzeschewski at Bat, Capablanca on Third

ATTABOY, Sam . . . knock his bishop for a gool . . . look out, Cappy . . . watch his queen . . . use yer pawns, use yer pawns! . . . c'mon, take a lead . . . down with his rook . . . down with his rook . . . hey! get away from that horse's head . . . look out for that queen . . . c'mon now, Cappy, we wanna checkmate . . . hit that knight on the nose, Rzeschewski . . . yea-a-h-h . . . look out for that queen . . . use yer pawns . . . look 'em over, Sammie . . . givem the old Ruy Lopez . . . c'mon, Capablanca . . . down with his rook . . . look out now . . . look out for that queen . . . there ya go . . . look out . . . look out . . . look out . . . castle, ya big Swede . . . caaastle!

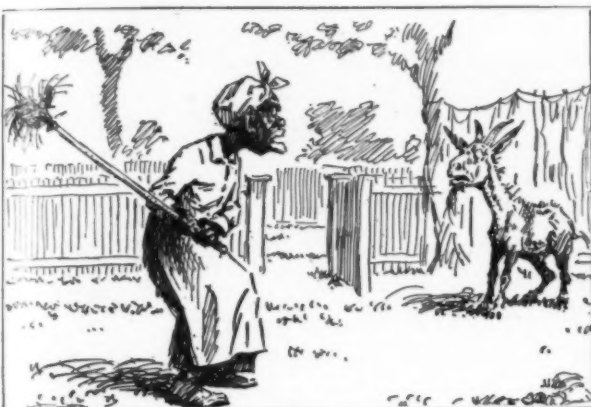
H. W. H.



3



4



7



8

Stocking

A Tragic Trip

I TOOK a trip once—'twas not very long,
And yet its tragedy would fill a song.
I started, full of hope and joy and glee—
All glad emotions had their way with me.
I walked with buoyant step and happy smile,
With rosy visions charming me the while;
Sure that full soon my eager hands should hold
The guerdon craved—the rainbow's pot of gold.
Briskly I walked along, and, toward the last,
My steps I hastened—made my pace more fast;
I reached my destination—oh, my soul!
How can I sing the volume of my dole?
How can I voice my disappointment dire?
How sound the depths of my abysmal ire?
To my worst foe may Heaven never send
Such woe as met me at my journey's end!

* * *

The trip? Oh, yes, 'twas just to the front door
To pick the scattered mail up from the floor.

Carolyn Wells.

Troubles of the Rich

MRS. GRAMERCY: My husband can't sleep on account of the business depression.

MRS. PARKE: Just look at me. I have to ride around in an old car and Fido is two breeds out of style.

Wanted: A Fool

WHO is to be the fun-maker of the Harding administration? Who is to play the fool?

We don't insist upon a star performer, a crackerjack, like the only Bill Bryan. We don't ask for someone who can fool all of the people all of the time. We'll be reasonable about that. But we do think there should be at least one joker in the political pack. We must have our comic relief.

Col. Harvey won't do. With all due respect to the new Ambassador, he is too far away to play the rôle as it ought to be played. What we need is a close-up comedian—someone who can be depended upon to toss the political custard pies and smash the political crockery whenever the action in the great G. O. P. drama begins to lag.

Representative Volstead might have qualified if he had not accomplished so much that is anything but laugh-provoking. Senator Lodge is hardly young enough; besides, he lacks punch. Will Hays is too efficient. So is Mr. Denby, apparently. Some of us had hopes of Hi Johnson—but he has turned out a disappointment time and again. And so it goes.

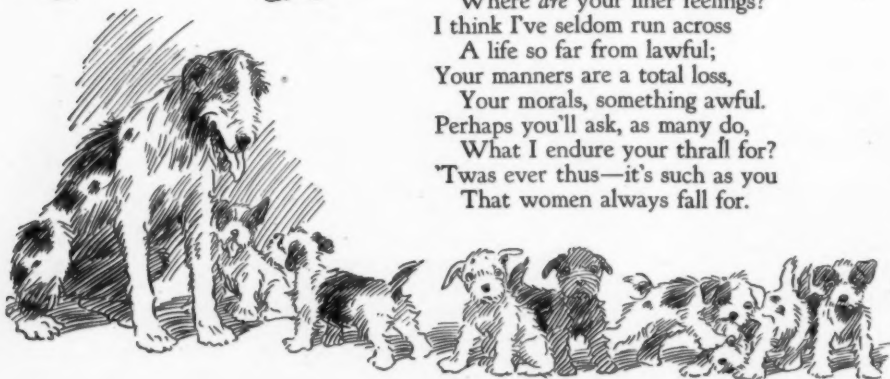
The Harding administration is still young and in most respects it appears to be functioning nicely. But it has given the long-suffering American people darned little to laugh at—and that is something we think we are entitled to.

Who is to play the fool?

ONCE a girl's heart is broken she spends the rest of her life distributing the pieces.

To MY DOG

By Dorothy Parker



I OFTEN wonder why on earth
 You rate yourself so highly;
 A shameless parasite, from birth
 You've lived the life of Reilly.
 No claims to fame distinguish you;
 Your talents are not many;
 You're constantly unfaithful to
 Your better self—if any.
 Yet you believe, with faith profound,
 The world revolves about you;
 May I point out, it staggered 'round
 For centuries without you?

In beauty, you're convinced you lead,
 While others only follow.
 You think you look like Wallace Reid,
 Or, at the least, Apollo.
 The fatal charms with which you're blest,
 You fancy, spell perfection;
 The notion, may I not suggest,
 Is open to correction?
 An alien streak your tail betrays;
 Your ears aren't what they would be;
 Your mother was—forgive the phrase—
 No better than she should be.

One can but feel your gaiety
 Is somewhat over-hearty;
 You take it on yourself to be
 The life of every party.
 In bearing, while no doubt sincere,
 You're frankly, too informal.
 And mentally, I sometimes fear,
 You're slightly under normal.
 The least attention turns your brain,
 Repressions slip their tether;
 Pray spare your friends the nervous strain
 And pull yourself together!

You take no thought for others' good
 In all your daily dealings,
 I ask you, as a mother would,
 Where are your finer feelings?
 I think I've seldom run across
 A life so far from lawful;
 Your manners are a total loss,
 Your morals, something awful.
 Perhaps you'll ask, as many do,
 What I endure your thrall for?
 'Twas ever thus—it's such as you
 That women always fall for.





"Look here, Bobbie, we simply can't have you bringing all those stray dogs in from the street."
 "But where else am I going to get 'em?"

LIFE'S Lessons in New Yorkese

(How to Talk in the Tongue of the Greatest City)

"**H**ULLO . . . zatchu, Mae?"
 "Hullo . . . hooisut?"

"Cha guess?"

"Smac, aintit?"

"Gawan, cha doin', tryin' takimme?"

"Ooh, sgawge! Hullo hon, howarya?"

"Finesilk. Howsmuh sweetie?"

"Finesilk. Cha want, hon?"

"Chagot annythin on tanight?"

"Oooh Gawge, you cuttout at rough stuff!"

"Say, cha tryinta hamme? Cha doin tanight—huh?"

"Aw, Idunno. Cha wannado?"

"Aw, Idunno. Wanna takeina movie?"

"Aw, nowidont. I'm sickintiuda movies, Gawge."

"Wellen, cha wannado? Annythin ya say, kid."

"Ooh Gawge, I know waless do. Les-go ta real show . . ."

"Naw. I dawanna gota no show."

"Fagunness sakes! Why not?"

"Aw, stoo hot. Stoo hot ta dance, too."

"Wellen, whadda *you* sugges, britize?"

"Aw, I dunno . . . sumpin . . ."

"What?"

"I dunno . . ."

"Well, spillit, willya? I cant stannatta phone all night waitin fayou tamakeup ya mine. Wassa ideeyah?"

"Wassat? Cha tryin ta starsumpin, arya?"

"Say, lissen. Iyaint cryin fano dates. Youwainta only sealion aroun is iceboig, youwaint. Ican gemme another date, Ican. Chu worry. . . ."

"Steptoit, babe. Iyaint worryin. . . ."

"Say, Mae . . ."

"Mae, Ibe upparoun eighta clock, huh?"

"Oh, wi sapposeso. Buttiwarnya, Gawge—I'm gowan out. Iyaint gonna setaroun on no sofa, Iyaint."

"Awri . . . chusez, goes."

"Aw, Gawge . . ."

"Ibe upparoun eighta clock, en?"

"Yeah, you be up. Aroun eighta clock, makeit."

"Yeah, eighta clock. Mabea little afta."

"Awri. Cha fagget, ya bad boy."

"Aw gawan. Goo-bye, sweetie."

"Goo-bye, hon. Eightaclock it is."

"Sezyou. . . ."

"SezI. . . . Yahoid me! Goo-bye, dearie."

"Goo-bye, hon."

Henry William Hanemann.

Life



Lines

EVERY normal man has two great ambitions. First, to own his home. Second, to own a car to get away from his home.

* * *

If classic dancing is the poetry of motion, then the toddle is the poetry of commotion.

* * *

"Tramps, women of leisure and the idle rich should all be made to realize that America includes work in her world of values."
—*New York World*.

What about Senators?

* * *

Lips that touch liquor never tell where they got it.

* * *

Commuters Must Put Their Faces On Tickets.—*Headline*.

The average commuter's face ought to be good for at least thirty days.

* * *

The chaps that write our bedroom farces think depravity is the soul of wit.

* * *

Drugs and toilet preparations have been discovered in tombs dating back to 1500 B.C.
Soap springs eternal—

* * *

Separate accommodations are provided for men and women in Madrid cinema audiences. It must be a genuine pleasure to take one's wife to the movies in Spain.

* * *

The Scriptures first taught the futility of riches, but it requires an income tax blank to drive the lesson home.

* * *

The telephone company always gets your number right when it addresses the monthly bills.

* * *

The American man, on an average, is taller than the Briton.

Why not? Look what the American man, on an average, has to stand for.

And now comes the rumor that "Madonna" faces are to be the fashion in beauty. Isn't it going a bit far to expect the average woman to paint as well as the Old Masters?



"You are charged with stealing the complainant's watch!"

"I only wanted the time, your Honor."

"Ninety days! That's the time."

A Congressman will frank his mail to save his jack.

* * *

According to an English paper, Chinamen are the most honest people on earth. And, oddly enough, they are starving to death.

* * *

It's the Irish wakes that keep England from sleeping o' nights.

* * *

For every 100 women in the United States, says the Census Bureau, there are 104 men.

These figures hold good for all parts of the country excepting summer resorts.

The French never touch ice water.

—*Arthur Brisbane*.

Neither would we, if we were a free country.

* * *

The bad thing these days is not to be caught napping, but to be caught nipping.

* * *

No Irishman objects to fighting under British rule, provided it's the Marquis of Queensberry's.

* * *

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. William G. Thayer, head master of St. Mark's School at Groton.—*New York Herald*.

We had been laboring under the delusion that he came from Princeton University, in New Haven.

* * *

Many are called, but few are wanted . . . on the telephone.

* * *

National greatness depends less on the number of men to the square mile than on the number of square men to the mile.

* * *

French military authorities have discovered that seaweed makes an excellent substitute for oats as fodder.

Particularly in the Remount Division of the Horse Marines.

* * *

Many a man's happiness has been eroded by a permanent wave.

* * *

Dr. John Roach Straton described the crowd at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight as a collection of "gamblers and race-horse touts, home neglecters and baby killers, pugdog nurses, burglars, pick-pockets, liquorites, Amazons, plutocrats, profiteers, divorcees, Amalekites, double livers and polygamous movie stars." He forgot to mention that there were also a few professional reformers in the ensemble.

* * *

Definition of a peacemaker:—the man who is not expected to recover.



Old Lady (finding the motion of the boat very distressing): Oh! Captain, is there absolutely nothing that can be done about it?

Learn to Read Two Minutes Every Day

SHE RISKED HER HONOR FOR HIS LOVE! and broke her people's laws for his sake! To help him she made in secret a violent enemy. He himself gave her all the forces at his command to accomplish his ends, all save one. Could she obtain this? Dared she use it?

Read how she overcame her fears—how her woman's heart mixed the bitter with the sweet—in the stirring chapter, *How to Brew Beer*, beginning that satisfying book, *"Boston Cookery."*

HE HAD TEN MINUTES TO LIVE! All avenues of escape were barred! He was unarmed and helpless! Through the half-open door he saw the pitiless woman to whom his life was forfeit—he saw the axe of the waiting executioner!

This woman bore him no enmity. She was even ignorant of his name; yet she lured him to his death as she had lured

his missing comrades. He was to die knowing that he had not yet won his spurs. Why did this woman desire his death? Why was a great price set upon his head? The solution of this mystery is the opening chapter of the thrilling romance, *"Raising Poultry For Profit."* William Hohenzollern has ordered an autographed copy.

HIS OWN WIFE PLOTTED TO RUIN HIM! She was planning to rob him while pretending to help him! The bit of torn paper signed with her name was damning evidence of the catastrophe she had prepared for him. Underneath her written name occurred the series of little black dots which added deadly significance to this message addressed to his enemies.

Why was she forced to take this way of winning what every woman wants?

What menace was implied in the little black dots? Read the answer and the dénouement of this domestic tragedy in the waste-basket edition of *"Sears Roebuck's Annual Catalogue,"* the book with five thousand illustrations and photographs taken by eye-witnesses.

Accuracy

ALADY stopped by a roadside to speak to a pretty little girl who was playing with a puppy.

"Is that your little puppy?" asked the lady.

"No, Ma'am," said the little girl, pointing to the pup's mother, "that's Queenie's puppy."

REALLY, the people who are hard to get along with are those who object to our having our own way.



Bad Form

"Hasn't that girl got a wonderful follow-through!"

"Follow-up, you mean. Her father is in the advertising business."



Going the Pace

Mrs. Castlebury: I've had such an interesting day. I've been slumming.

Mrs. Van Antler: My dear, you are a wonder. I don't see how you find time to add anything more to your social activities.

Plaint of a Dog—Muzzled

NATTY, jet-black flies
With globular, striated eyes
Of gold-green, purpled rings;
And fan-shaped, gossamer wings,
Pirouette spirally
In the blurred blue air,
Tantalizingly
Just where
My cold black nose
Itches
And twitches
Upward at those
Odious black straps that bind my snout,
Keeping the happy world of barks in,
And the happy world of flies out.

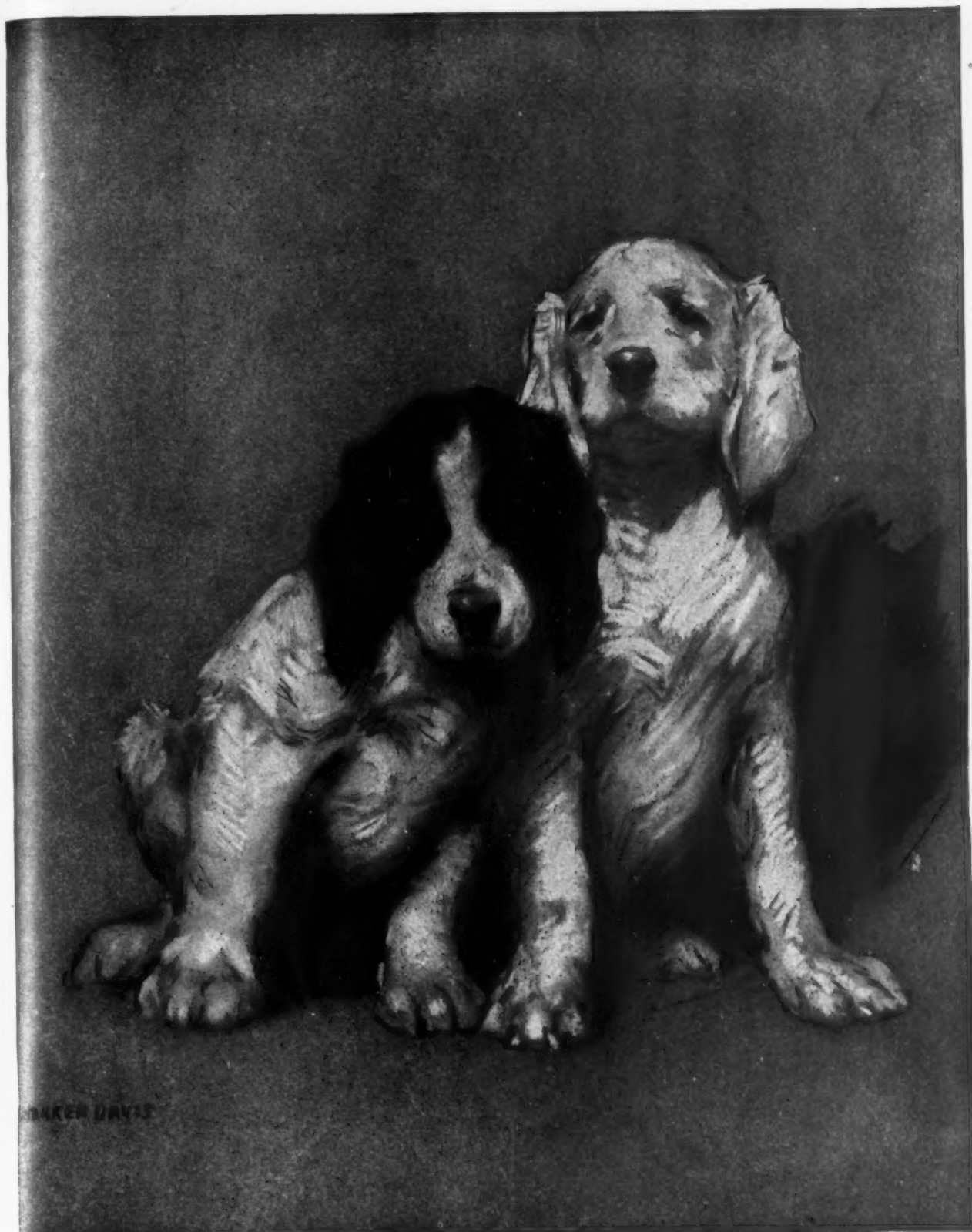
What did I do
To deserve this?
I ask you,
Sir and Miss,
Passing freely by my master's lawn
Without a hateful muzzle pressing on
Your chin and jaws:
What weighty laws
Did I violate with my wagging tail
Or my gladsome bark?

Those flies,
They bask and drone
On the bristling hair of my back.
I can't even yawn
And with feigned indifference attack
The conceit of that blue bulge
Beneath their wings.
They know they've got me.
And I know, bitterly,
That no more can I mince the tasty
things.

Flies, listen.
(Nobody else will.)
Tell me, I ask,
This abominable contrivance,
This unsightly corset, this tooth fence,
This ghastly mask
That distorts me so I look as bent on
bale
As master's wife does in her new French
veil:
Tell me, do I merit this,
I who never snapped at chick or child,
I who lay with paws crossed and eyes
mild,
Even when the foul dog catcher passed
With the wretched quarry that is his?

Nay, even so circumspect was I
In the dignity of my full doghood
That a quill-tailed feline, arching by
With snarling spit, scarcely would
Elicit a growl from me.
I ask you, flies—O, stop your roaring
In my ears. I'm better snoring
In the sun than seeking for the plan
That drove amuck the mind of man
When he invented muzzles.

Martha Ostenso.



Drawn by Warren Davis

The Younger Set



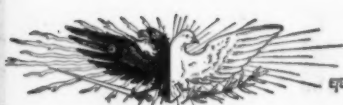
JULY 28, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THERE is a new book by a Polish Nobleman, Count

Alfred Korzybski, which offers the suggestion that the notion of man as an animal with a divine spark in him is wrong and mischievous, and that man is not an animal at all but a distinct creation, as distinct from the animal kingdom as the animal from the vegetable kingdom or the vegetable from the mineral. The Polish Count believes that if we get the right idea about man and what he is, it will be possible to make better plans for his development and regulation. Some of the wise and learned think there is a good and new idea in the Count's book, and others, of course, think there is nothing in it except old facts in a new dress.

But anyhow, man does show symptoms just now of being less brutish than he has seemed to be for a long, long time. He really seems to be doing better. There is a truce in Ireland and De Valera and other parties to the disturbance there are meeting in London to try to bring Ireland's troubles to a satisfactory solution. There is excellent prospect that they will succeed. The problem is difficult, the proceedings will doubtless have setbacks and the news about them may be agitating, but the prospect is first-rate. If the conference succeeds, Ireland's immediate troubles will be near their end.

Then there is another great matter afoot. President Harding has invited the principal powers—Great Britain, France, Italy, China and Japan—to send representatives to Washington to work out an international arrangement for disarmament and especially for the diminution of navies. All except Japan have accepted at this writing, and doubtless Japan will also accept. When their

representatives get here, they are likely to do the errand they come on. It does not look so hard as the problem of the Irish conference in London, but, of course, it will have difficulties.



THE reason for thinking that the discussions of these two great matters will come to successful conclusions is the extreme pressure for the relief that is looked for from them. Ireland has had civil war enough. England has had trouble enough with Ireland. Undoubtedly the disposition on both sides is extremely strong for a settlement, and minor obstacles like bad temper will hardly be permitted to defeat it.

The argument for disarmament and for a let-up in the big naval expenses is that, as everybody knows, no nation on earth can now afford these expenditures. The alternative to reduction is bankruptcy, and it is a toss-up even now, in some countries, whether reduction can come quick enough to save national credit. Whether man is an animal or not, it begins to look as though he was a creature that knew when he had had enough. He has had enough of fighting for the present and an ample sufficiency of the expenses of it. Maybe now he is going to quit, to pay attention to economy and to a provision of the necessities and comforts of life.



CHRISTIAN Endeavorers have been holding their sixth world convention in New York and they are out for a "warless world in 1923." That is a good sentiment and will have pretty general support. Dr. Murray Butler in

Paris, speaking of President Harding's invitation to the disarmament conference, declared that the United States was determined that there should not be another world war. "It shall not happen again," he said. "It shall not happen to France. It shall not happen to Belgium. It shall not happen to Britain. It shall not happen to America. It shall not happen anywhere." He said that millions of American citizens felt that way about it, and that ninety-five per cent. of the intelligent people of the world agreed on the principles of disarmament and only differed about the methods.

Dr. Butler is not a gushing person whose emotions run away with him, and yet he spoke more strongly, if possible, than the Endeavorers about doing away with war. He has been quoted as saying that he had not come to Europe as President Harding's Colonel House, which is doubtless true, though it sounds almost over-modest.



THE Endeavorer policies on most things, as set forth in a list of resolutions, are not so bad. They want a federal censorship of the moving pictures and oppose the sale of cigarettes to boys and girls, and are against unchaste dancing, and do not want the opium trade to be forced on Korea. They do not want Sunday commercialized, and some of them took a little exception to the current attire and deportment of women. They do not want the girls to paint their faces, and some of them think that skirts should be kept in the vicinity of shoe tops. Paint on the face is bad style, and seldom well put on, but as for skirts, not in the memory of man have they been as near right as they are now. The best way to regulate the length of them is not to regulate it at all, but to leave that



"Remember, John Bull, a chameleon may change his colors, but he will always be a chameleon."

31605

to the dressmakers and the wearers. Leave women to express themselves in their skirts. They will do it anyhow. Those that have the best taste will get them nearest right and set the fashion.



A MEMORIAL tablet to William T. Stead has been put into a wall of Central Park and stirs the *Springfield Republican* to say that Stead will be remembered as an able advocate of national peace and a sincere and fearless reformer.

Well, yes, doubtless, but other people will remember him as a Spiritist, almost as well advertised in his adherence to that persuasion as Conan Doyle.

Stead was very remarkable: "a picturesque, even a sensational journalist," the *Republican* calls him, and he was all that. There are those who will remember his terrific articles on "The Maiden Tribute," an exposure of a great London scandal, which our newspapers shied at for a while as unfit for publication,

until suddenly Dana could stand the pressure of it no longer and burst out with it at full length in the *Sun*.

Stead continued to the end of his life to have ideas, and no good idea ever died in him. What was given him he disclosed. He was a good man, practicing always to help the world and make it better, and worth any number of timid people who were more afraid of impropriety than of sin, and never dared to raise their voices if they thought Society would not like it. There was a time when Stead was almost as unpopular as Lloyd George, but he outgrew that and was forgiven for believing more than most other people, and before he was drowned on the Titanic had come to be quite respected as a statesman.



FOR thirty years lookers at *LIFE* have known Frederick T. Richards, who died in Philadelphia on July 8th. He began to draw for this paper in 1890, when it was seven years old and he was

twenty-six and fresh from the study of drawing in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and Edmund Bensell's studio. F. G. Attwood, who was one of *LIFE*'s chief contributors when it began, used to do a monthly page of little pictures on current events, and when Attwood died that item of his labors fell to Richards. He did it very successfully, so that it was one of the familiar features of the paper for almost a generation.

Eleven years ago a series of humorous biographies of *LIFE*'s contributors that ran in the paper under the title of *LIFE'S Family Album* included an interview with Richards in which he told of his entrance into *LIFE*, and of the proudest moments of his career, which he said were when his cartoons in *LIFE* were "ordered out of the Ottoman Empire for all time, and confiscated in Germany." It will be inferred that his heart beat strong for democracy and human freedom, and in that particular he was a worthy successor to Attwood.

He was a fine character, modest, capable and faithful in discharging whatever he undertook. *E. S. Martin.*



How Day

Hog



Copyright Life Pub. Co.



The Political Revue

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hearst's name is not on the program of George White's new "Scandals" as one of the authors, he must have cast at least a paternal eye over the assembling of the book, for it is full of little nuggets from his editorial page.

In fact, it is not the first time this season that we have detected his deft hand in the manipulation of a libretto to drag in a reference to Admiral Sims or Governor Miller, but never before has such glorious irrelevance been achieved in the name of Hearst propaganda as in the finale to the first act of Mr. White's "Scandals." For, in the midst of this extremely fluffy and inconsequential show, at the close of a tuneful number about the charm of the South Sea Isles, we are suddenly assailed by an elaborate song-formation, done with deadly seriousness, the burden of which is that American shipping should pass free through the Panama Canal.



First, in a green spot-light, comes the comedian George Bickel in a Rough-rider suit representing Roosevelt, thereby starting the thing off in the worst possible taste. Then *Gen. Goethals*, suddenly grown as tall as George LeMaire, followed by girles representing the laborers who dug the canal, three statuesque blondes (*Gold, Silver and Copper* from "the

United States Mint, we gave without stint") and a personification of Mr. Hearst's Mr. Oppen's *The Common People*.

Then, to arouse the audience to a state of fury at the injustice of the thing, all the foreign nations are shown passing through the canal on equal terms with the United States. The audience, however, is peculiarly apathetic, not quite remembering what the Panama tolls dispute is all about anyway and completely spoiling the spirit of Mr. Hearst's act by applauding *John Bull* as he is shown coming through the locks. It is doubtful if any one of the cast (even including Mr. White himself) is really very much worked up over the question of American shipping in Panama. Certainly a summer's-night audience can take it or leave it alone.

Perhaps next season Mr. White will let Mr. Hearst have a scene urging war with Japan or Mexico, or maybe later in the summer a symbolic number showing the achievements of the Hyman Administration in New York City.



ASIDE from these few grim moments of political diversion, "The Scandals of 1921" is just one of those shows.

Some of Mr. Jackson's lyrics, especially those spoken by the chorus at the beginning of the show, are excellent, and Mr. Bugs Baer has interspersed some characteristic lines throughout the book, but the comedy as a whole is difficult to reconcile with the theory that the world is growing better, even slowly.

Mr. George White himself is the most pleasing feature and unfortunately he has given himself very little to do. Ann Pennington, however, can't complain. Miss Pennington unquestionably has cute legs, but, after all, she has only two of them and, as with circuses, when you have seen one you have seen them all. Furthermore, she seldom does anything new with them. But that is neither here nor there, for there are crowds who think differently, and we have a feeling that Miss Pennington is satisfied to please the larger number and let this department look elsewhere for its excitement.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Hot weather thriller in a class by itself.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—George Arliss in a slick melodrama with the Himalayas as an effective background.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—A roughneck's adventures in Heaven and how he got there. Just about the finest thing done in this or any recent season.

Comedy and Things Like That

The First Year. *Little.*—Frank Craven's hilarious epic of the commonplace.

Just Married. *Shubert.*—Ordinary bedroom scenes on a boat, made funny by Lynne Overman.

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—Positively the last decade of this Frank Bacon comedy.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Garrick.*—A charming presentation of delightfully mild English fun.

Nice People. *Klaw.*—Francine Larimore as a fresh debutante, and what becomes of her.

The Skylark. *Belmont.*—To be reviewed later.

The Teaser. *Playhouse.*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Broadway Whirl. *Times Square.*—Partly good, partly bad. Richard Carle and Blanche Ring are in it, and that helps.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—Highly satisfactory musical extravaganza, thanks to Eleanor Painter and James Barton.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—You can't do any better in town this season.

Scandals of 1921. *Liberty.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third Street.*—A company of colored singers and dancers giving you more than your money's worth of jazz.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan's.*—Pretty music and graceful dancing by the Fairbanks twins and others. Not much else, but what do you want?

The Whirl of New York. *Winter Garden.*—"The Belle of New York" revived and modernized until you would hardly recognize it.

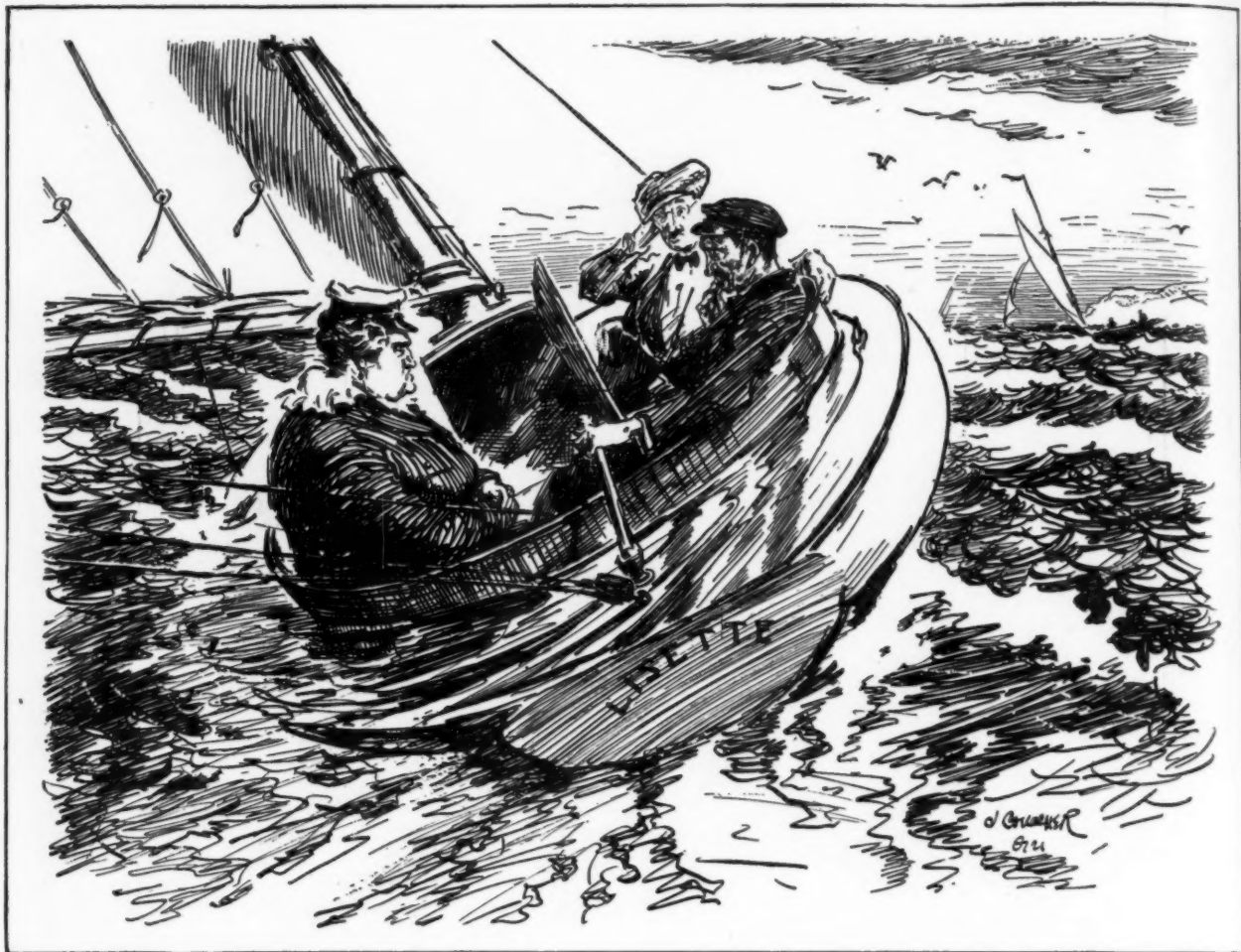
Ziegfeld Follies. *Globe.*—A beautiful presentation of an all-around satisfactory show, with Fannie Brice, W. C. Fields and Raymond Hitchcock furnishing laughs for the crowd.



Little Lessons for Little Minds

Jones would rather join the people out in the garden, but he supposes that it's up to him to entertain these ladies who have no man to talk to.

This teaches us that what we suppose may not always be true.



Lady: And why should I move to windward, as you call it? I'm very comfortable as I am.

An Old Favorite Revived

JEANNETTE: Oh, George—George—we are ruined. I have worked so hard to lift the mortgage on our sweet little home, but it's no use. And now to-day—to-day—*(Turns away unable to look George in the face.)*

GEORGE: To-day, yes, dear, to-day?

JEANNETTE *(hoarsely)*: I've lost my position.

GEORGE *(putting his arms around his wife's neck)*: Never mind, dear, we'll pull through somehow.

JEANNETTE: But think of the mortgage—the children—

GEORGE: There now. Cheer up. I've something to show you. *(Runs to mantel, reaches into old teapot and takes out small box. Counts out \$276.87 in nickels and dimes before Jeannette's astonished eyes.)*

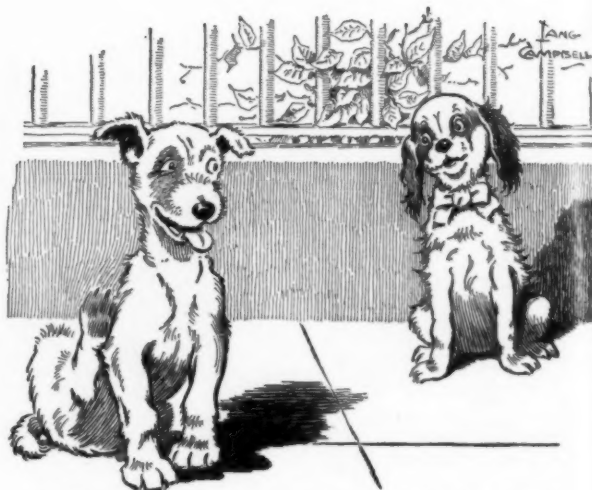
JEANNETTE: Why, George—where—where—?

GEORGE: Your cigarette money, dear, which you so nobly denied yourself.

JEANNETTE: George, you darling!

(They embrace.)

Curtain



"My father carried off a valuable prize at the dog show."

"That's nothing. Mine took a three-pound beefsteak out of the butcher shop yesterday."

Recipe for a Country Club

GET together all the unobjectionable people in your neighborhood, and ask them to chip in to raise the necessary million dollars to acquire the piece of land upon which you propose to erect the club house. After you have seen them all, then get the rest of the money from the objectionable people.

With this money well in hand, secure the services of two architects and a golf professional. Issue bonds for a million more. Then assess all the members about fifteen hundred apiece "just to get the thing started."

After the club house is erected and the course is laid out, double the dues and initiation fees, and call a meeting of the members "to vote on another bond issue." If they demur, point out to them that their only hope of getting their money back now is to put in twice as much.

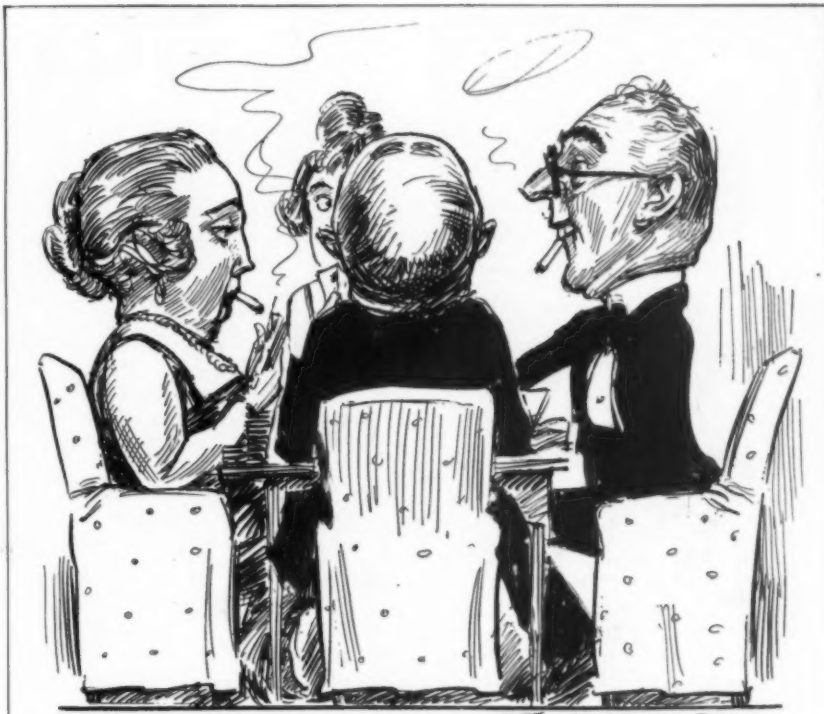
By this time, your country club will have such a reputation that nobody will dare stay out. As they say in all grafting circles, "It's a cinch."

One at a Time, Anyway

ALICE: I've met the only man I ever loved.

VIRGINIA: How often?

PROHIBITION doesn't prohibit; it just provokes.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

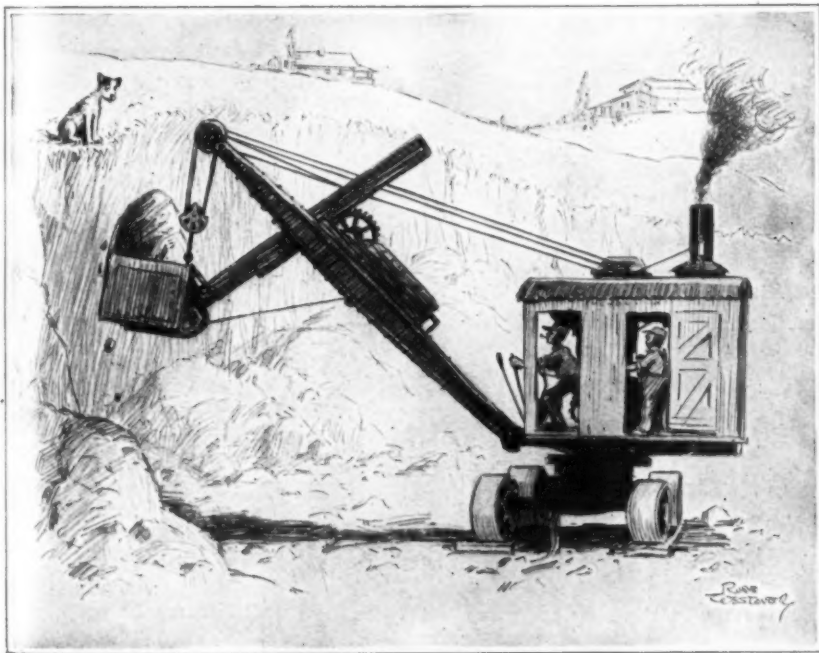
THE TRUSTY JOKE.

There's one awful nuisance in Poker;
It's the fatuous second-hand Joker.

He says, "They're all blue,"

And "Three typewriters," too—

If his wife pulled that stuff he would choke her.



Dog: They must be looking for that bone I buried last week.

The Wrong Bottle

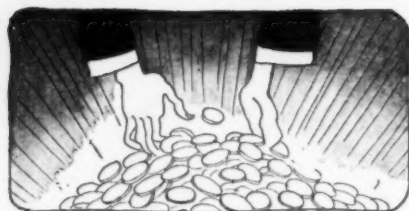
THE light was always poor in the bathroom. I had always told Hor-tense that it was dangerous to have the medicine chest in the shadow. It was impossible to tell the difference between the carbolic acid and the witch hazel without taking the bottle out into the hall.

That night, after we had quarreled bitterly, I heard her moving about in the bathroom, and then the clink of glass as she moved bottles about in the medicine chest. I had always predicted that she would get hold of the wrong bottle some day.

She came out into the hall where I could see her. She had. In her hand was the bottle of witch hazel.

Liberty

THERE is no law in this country against cannibalism, preaching the flatness of the earth, going to church on Sundays, remaining poor, not taking a drink, or working eight hours a day. And yet they tell us "we are losing our liberties!"



The Conquering Power

IT is always a source of satisfaction to be able to knock someone who has touched the heights; and then fallen.

We therefore went to see Rex Ingram's new picture, "The Conquering Power," confident that it would show a marked drop from his earlier production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." We were disappointed; for, while it lacks many of the sensationally dramatic qualities and most of the spectacular effect of the Ibañez piece, it is more coherent and more carefully balanced. It shows that Mr. Ingram has not permitted the success of "The Four Horsemen" to warp his point of view, but has rather profited by the experience which that production afforded him. He is working hard and intelligently, and we may confidently expect that each successive picture that he directs will mark an improvement, in some way, over the last.

The theme of "The Conquering Power" is furnished by Balzac's novel, "Eugénie Grandet"; but Mr. Ingram has concentrated on reproducing the atmosphere of the original, rather than the actual story. He has brought it down to modern times, and has focused the spotlight of attention more on the miserly qualities of old *Père Grandet* than on the silent sufferings of *Eugénie* herself. And yet, in spite of the numerous external changes, the true spirit of Balzac has been retained. This, of course, is the prime test of every adaptation.

MANY of the players (and some of the scenery) of "The Four Horsemen" appear in "The Conquering Power," notably the wistful Alice Terry, as *Eugénie*, and Rudolph Valentino, as her lover. They both do excellent work, and Mr. Valentino, for all his vicissitudes, manages to retain the patent leather sheen of his raven pompadour, which isn't mussed once.

The Silent Drama

Ralph Lewis, as the father, is inclined to overdo the big moments.

The settings were designed by Ralph Barton (who also designs the scenery for this department of LIFE) and they are remarkable for their solidity, and their Gallic expressiveness.

PICTURES like "The Conquering Power" constitute the most legitimate and most definite answer to the oft-reiterated question, "What shall we do about the German movie invasion?"

Behind Masks

THERE are those who like red-blooded Wild West thrillers; there are those who like sexy society dramas; there are those who like sweet little pollyanna trifles; there are those who like sob stories about old mothers and mortgages; it is even possible that there are a few who like sheer art.

We can think of no one, in any of these groups, who will like Dorothy Dalton's latest picture, "Behind Masks."

Brevity

SAMUEL ROTHAFEL, who is the original old, hoary pioneer of motion picture presentation, recently tried out a bill of short subjects—"a program of divertissements"—at the Capitol Theatre, in New York. The longest feature was Harold Lloyd's three-reel comedy, "Among Those Present," all the other films being one- or two-reelers.

It was a successful experiment. The American public has always preferred the short story and the vaudeville act to the novel and the full-length play, and there is every reason to believe that this rule extends to the movies as well.

Cabiria

OUR recollections of d'Annunzio's "Cabiria"—first produced some eight years ago—were favorably vivid. We remembered it as a gorgeous spectacle, teeming with historic interest and dramatic vigor.

Upon seeing a recent revival of the picture, we became convinced that our memory is not of the David M. Roth variety. In fact, "Cabiria" now impresses us as a magnificent bore—badly acted, and absolutely lacking in continuity. It can not be compared with several subsequent productions of the same type—"Intolerance," for example.

The Leather Medal

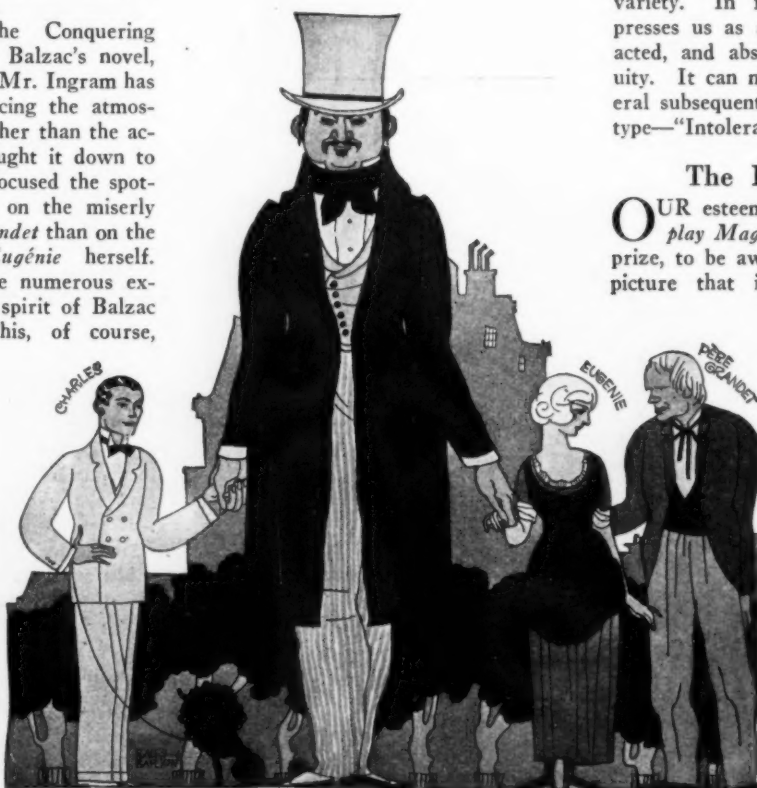
OUR esteemed contemporary, *Photoplay Magazine*, has offered a grand prize, to be awarded to the best motion picture that is produced every year.

We are almost tempted to hold a competition of our own to find out which movie was the worst.

Society Note

HAVING seen a film showing Mrs. Stillman at home, we are in a position to announce that, while Mary Pickford may run a bad second in the divorce court news, her prestige as a film star is practically unchallenged.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD.
("Recent Developments" will be found on page 32.)



Rudolph Valentino, Honoré de Balzac, Alice Terry and Ralph Lewis in "The Conquering Power." (M. Balzac is the figure second from the left.)

Taste

High Brow:

SCANDINAVIAN Drama.
The Flonzaley Quartet.
Einstein's "Theory of Relativity."
Picasso.
The Poetry of Ming.
Pearl Gray Habutai Silk.
Scotch Madras Shirts.
Unsweetened China Tea, with
Lemon.
Sedans upholstered in Sand-col-
ored Velour.
Anchovies.
English Mustard.
"If you know what I mean."

Near High Brow:

FRENCH Problem Plays.
Galli-Curci.
"Main Street."
Japanese Prints.
The Poetry of Henry van Dyke.
Rose Taffeta.
Silk Crepe Shirts.
Ginger Ale Highballs.
Open Cars upholstered in
Leather.
Asparagus.
Pêche Melba.
"You understand, don't you?"

Near Low Brow:

MUSICAL Comedy.
Sousa's Band.
Harold Bell Wright.
Cute Prints of Girls' Heads.
Walt Mason.
Beaded Net, over Red Satin.
Candy-striped Silk Shirts.
Chocolate Soda.
Fords.
Sausage and French Fried Pota-
toes.
Prune Pie.
"Get me?"

Low Brow:

MOVIES.
Jazz.
"Spicy Stories."
Framed Photographs of Movie
Stars and Pugilists.
Newspaper Limericks.
Purple Satin.
Lavender Shirts with Pink Ties.
Near Beer.
Trolley Cars and Jitneys.
Ham Sandwiches.
Nut Sundaes.
"Savvy?"
Harvey Peake.

When Our Movie Stars Portray Some Historical Characters



Charlie Chaplin at the
Surrender of Cornwallis



Mary Pickford as Jeanne d'Arc



Lincoln (Douglas Fairbanks) and his Cabinet



Wm. S. Hart as Louis
the Magnificent



Sir Walter Raleigh (Wm. Farnum)
and Queen Elizabeth



"Oh, excuse me! Are you the captain of this ship?"

"Cap'n? No, indeed, mum. You see, th' company hez ten vessels jes' like this one. Well—I'm th' lord high admiral o' th' fleet."

Defined

"PA, what is a nature faker?"

"A man who is scientifictitious, my son."

There's the Rub

DOCTOR: Did you ever take regular massage?

"I ride in the subway every day."

Strictly Business

THE Stranger stood outside the Pearly Gates, bearing in his hand a small black suitcase.

At his third ring a panel swung back. "Who's there?" called Peter.

"My friend," said the Stranger, "you are interested in literature, are you not? You delight in the raptures of romance, the zest of adventure, the high-souled melancholy of philosophy, and the tender strains of self-effacing poetry, do you not? You do. I can see it in your eye, in the intellectual mold of your head—"

"But—" said Peter.

"—and in your hands, which indicate, by their spatulate fingers, a ready appreciation of all that is aesthetically fashioned. I have here—"

"Whoa," cried Peter, jingling his keys.

"—a comprehensive compendium of all that is greatest in the literature of the world. No one can afford to be without it. It will shed its refulgent radiance over the homes of the poor, rescue the movie-stricken middle classes, and bring some light into even the separate establishments of the rich. Here are James Russell and Amy Lowell, Tasso, Irving Berlin, Virgil, and Ring Lardner."

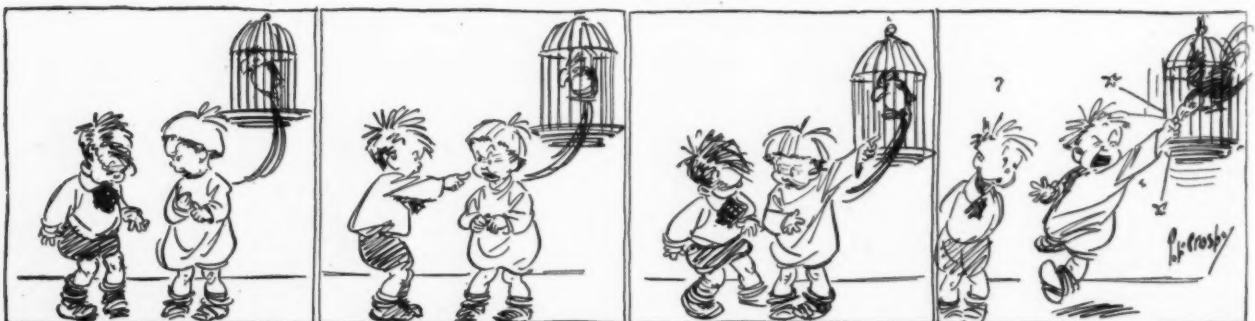
"I can't stand it any longer," groaned St. Peter. "You may come in. There's a tenor harp in my orchestra which has been unused ever since Belial struck that discordant note. How's your ear?"

"You'll buy?" cried the Stranger. "Then it's useless for me to come in. Just sign on the dotted line. I have another call to make this afternoon at Hades. My card. Yes, your credit is good. So long."

Peter looked at the card in some disappointment. "I thought it might be Bernard Shaw," he said. "He's due here next."

Louis Berton Crane, Jr.

ONE sweetly solemn thought—
Let the Red bury the Red.



"Hey! Your parrot nipped me finger."

"Ya teased him, that's why!"

"I did not neither! All I did was—"

"This—wow!"



Very Little Difference

Elsie: Have I changed much, Uncle Jack?

"Not so much as I thought you would. I expected to find you in long dresses."



The Artist: It ain't you, Mabel—it's Lizzie Smith.



Why Central sent the Police.



BOOKS

"Take Along a Book"

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

THERE seems to be a concerted effort, manifest in the "Take Along a Book" drive, to induce vacationists to slip at least one volume into the trunk before getting Daddy to jump on it.

This is a fine idea, for there is always a space between the end of the tennis-racquet and the box of soap in which the shoe-whitening is liable to tip over unless you jam a book in with it. Any book will do.

It is usually a book that you have been meaning to read all Spring, one that you have got so used to lying about to people who have asked you if you have read it that you have almost kidded yourself into believing that you really have read it. You picture yourself out in the hammock or down on the rocks, with a pillow under your head and a pipe or a box of candy near at hand, just devouring page after page of it. The only thing that worries you is what you will read when you have finished that. "Oh, well," you think, "there will probably be some books in the town library. Maybe I can get Gibbon there. This summer will be a good time to read Gibbon through."

Your trunk doesn't reach the cottage until four days after you arrive, owing to the ferry-pilots' strike. You don't get it unpacked down as far as the layer in which the book is until you have been there a week.

Then the book is taken out and put on the table. In transit it has tried to eat its way through a pair of tramping-boots, with the result that one corner and the first twenty pages have become dog-eared, but that won't interfere with its being read.

Several other things do interfere, however. The nice weather, for instance. You start out from your room in the morning and somehow or other never get back to it except when you are in a hurry to get ready for meals or for bed. You try to read in bed one night, but you can't seem to fix your sunburned shoulders in a comfortable position.

You take the book down to luncheon and leave it at the table. And you don't miss it for three days. When you find it again it has large blisters on page 35 where some water was dropped on it.

Then Mrs. Beatty, who lives in Montclair in the winter time (no matter where you go for the summer, you always meet some people who live in Montclair in the

winter), borrows the book, as she has heard so much about it. Two weeks later she brings it back, and explains that Prince got hold of it one afternoon and chewed just a little of the back off, but says that she doesn't think it will be noticed when the book is in the bookcase.

Back to the table in the bedroom it goes and is used to keep unanswered post-cards in. It also is convenient as a backing for cards which you yourself are writing. And the flyleaf makes an excellent place for a bridge-score if there isn't any other paper handy.

When it comes time to pack up for home, you shake the sand from among the leaves and save out the book to be read on the train. And you leave it in the automobile that takes you to the station.

But for all that, "take along a book." It might rain all summer.

The Outline of History

By

H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

TO tell the truth, I haven't read This Prodigy; but since Macmillans Have forced my hand, I'll go ahead; If you don't like it, they're the villains.

One hundred dollars fresh and new
They'll give the copycat (or kitten)
Who writes the ablest "Rhymed Review."
Well, here's the way it *should* be written:

This work, with every why and whence,
Surveys all epochs, all dominions.
(To win, you have to give the "sense"
Of certain hand-me-down "opinions.")

It marshals all historic lore.
"To read this book's an education."
(I've somewhere seen that line before;
This time it's quoted from the *Nation*.)

The bright Chicago *Evening Post*
Politely finds abundant reasons
To call this mighty work "The most
Successful book of many seasons."

With tales of Roman, Greek and Turk,
And Goth that used to fight and drink
so,
The book's a quite "transcendent
work,"—
At least the *New Republic* thinks so.

Our famous author's brilliant feat
I'd praise if rival bards were fewer.
But who am I to dare compete?
I'm no instructed Rhymed Reviewer.

These claptrap schemes are wearing thin,—
But let that pass; I bear no grudges,
And wish some honest voice could win.
My compliments to all the judges.
Arthur Guiterman.

The Best Books

(NOTE: Some of the books mentioned below have been published for some months but we are including them with the later ones in order to give the reader as much variety of excellence as possible.)

Fiction

Coquette, by Frank Swinnerton. A novel with the leading character a London seamstress. Personally we don't care for Swinnerton, but this is not the worst book he has done.

The Old Soak, by Don Marquis. A Falstaffian rendition of alcohol. Not a novel, but alas! too much a splendid work of real fiction.

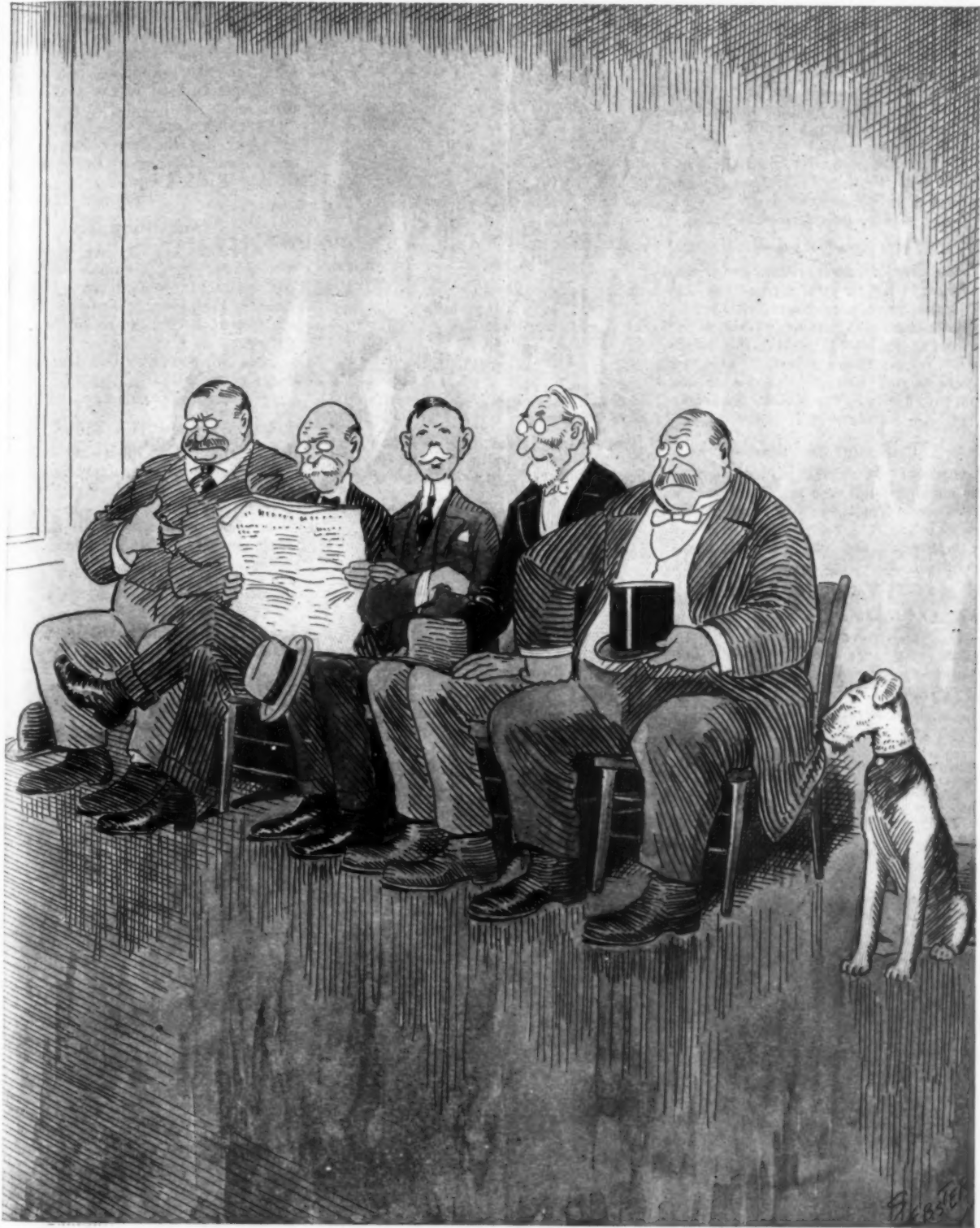
More Limehouse Nights, by Thomas Burke. Mr. Burke's book is good, as a book of short stories, but not so good as his first Limehouse volume.

The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton. One of the prize novels of the year.

Star Dust, by Fannie Hurst. The first novel of one of our best short-story writers. Good.

Sisters-in-Law, by Gertrude Atherton. An American story by an American woman. Also good.

Alice Adams, by Booth Tarkington. Mr. Tarkington's latest, and almost his best.



Drawn by H. T. Webster

Waiting to See the President



Such Carelessness

It was visiting day at the jail and the uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

His Trade Secret

THE COURT (during bankruptcy proceedings): Kindly inform the court how you managed to keep your credit open.

DEFENDANT: Certainly. But allow me to suggest that I impart this information behind closed doors. There are several of my competitors present and I have no desire to teach them the secret.

—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

Thrift and Self-denial

HIGGINS: My wife induced me to quit smoking and save my cigar money.

WIGGINS: And have you saved much?

HIGGINS: A hundred dollars. But my wife took it and bought herself a gold cigarette case. —*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Very True

"An Old-Fashioned Woman" writes in to ask, "What is a stadium?" A stadium, madam, is a large ball park with a university attached. —*Boston Transcript.*



"Look here, waiter. We've been waiting over half-an-hour."

"Can't help it, Mum; this isn't the divorce court." —*Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.*

Married Life

"Do you share your husband's sorrows?"

"Yes, he blames me for everything."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

America is now witnessing the rise of the great meddle class.

—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Through the Back Door

The manager of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company intentionally forgot to pay the members of the company their usual salaries—and "skipped" with all the money.

The players, as soon as they discovered the true situation, unleashed the blood-hounds used in the play and sent them on the trail of the missing manager.

The blood-hounds caught up with the manager, but the latter corralled them and formed a Number Two company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—*Theatre Magazine.*

Something New

THE ACTRESS: I have driven three men to the dogs, obtained two divorces and won six lawsuits, and my pearl necklace has been stolen twice—I don't know what else I can do to set the world gaping.

HER MANAGER: Try learning your parts perfectly.

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

Knew His Bible

BRICKLAYER: 'Op it—we can't 'ave you a-blowin' that trumpet round 'ere.

BOY SCOUT: Why?

BRICKLAYER: 'Tain't safe—you know wot 'appened to the walls of Jericho, don't yer? —*Tit-Bits (London).*

A Bad Character

"Why did you fire your cashier?"

"Well, in the first place, he didn't know anything, and in the second he was capable of everything."

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

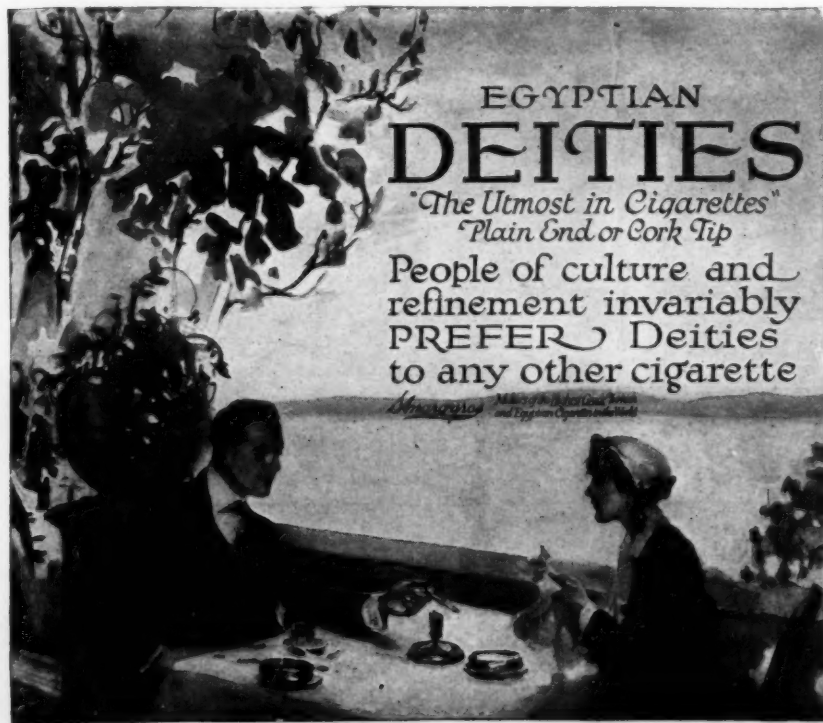
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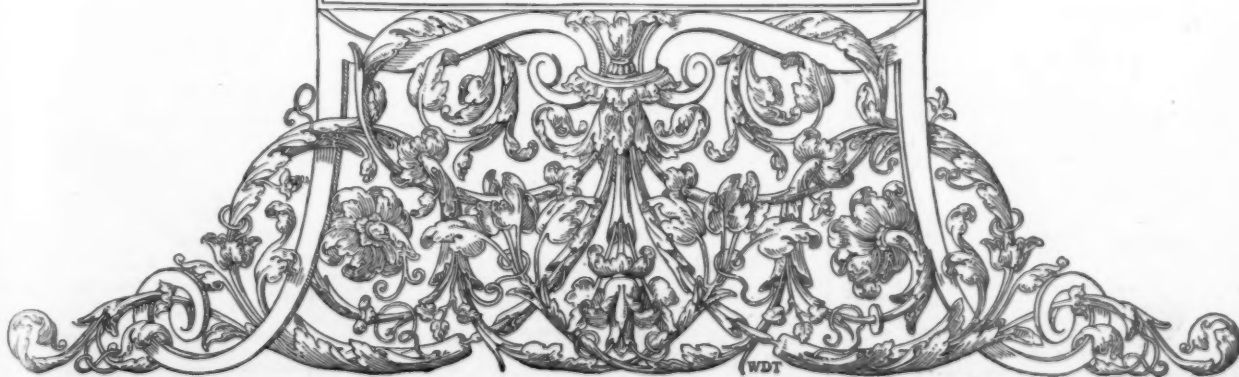


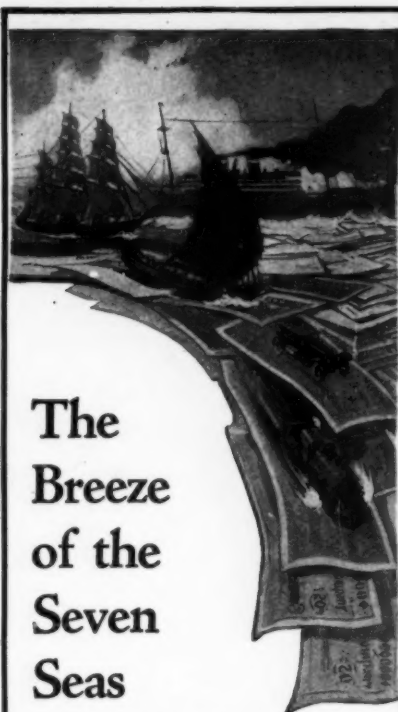
Just as riveter Jim reached the twenty-third floor a strike was called.



Between you and the world your hosiery is a protective covering that serves to indicate what manner of person stands within. Today no detail of your dress is more carefully scrutinized. In world sales Phoenix has been given its conspicuous leadership because of the remarkable way in which it combines beauty and protection. For all the family it ever furnishes long mileage and enduring elegance at low cost.

PHOENIX HOSIERY





The Breeze of the Seven Seas

The breeze that blows the traveler happily on his way by land or sea, is **money**. Not so much in amount, as that it shall be convenient, safe against loss or theft and good as gold anywhere.

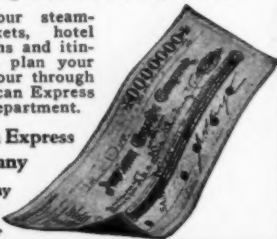
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—plays popular games, 50c. postpaid

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Lattice to Let

Otis Titus used to notice,
That his giddy goddess, Lotus,
Didn't care so much to gad as
Seek the shadows with her Otis.

Then up spoke this Otis Titus,
"Let us build a lattice, Lotus.
Lotus, let us have a lattice,
Where no spying eye could spot us."
Lotus answered: "Let us! Let us!
How a lattice would delight us."

"When the moon had lit us, Lotus,
In the lattice we could seat us,
And the world would never notice,
For the lattice would delete us.

"Clad with leaves as light as lettuce,
We would have this lattice, Lotus,
Where the bee would come to loot us,
And the glow worm light us gratis,
But no leering brute could hoot us,
And no Brutus could get at us.
Lotus, let us have a lattice."
"Otis, let us," answered Lotus.

—C. L. Edson, in *New York Tribune*.

Too True

The Armistice Day orator waved his arms dramatically and pointed to a one-legged soldier in the front row.

"By what will you, my brave man, remember this glorious day?" he shouted in ringing tones.

"It was the day I got my last free auto ride," replied the veteran wearily.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

The Tradition

HOUSE-PARTY HOSTESS: Very bad form, I call it, to ring one up during church hours.

GUEST: Probably she knows you don't go to church.

HOUSE-PARTY HOSTESS: Very likely; but she might have the decency to assume that I do.—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Asserts Authority Somewhere

"Hasn't Boobs any rights whatsoever around his own house? He is the most henpecked man I ever saw."

"Well, he does appear a little rough when he is feeding the gold fish."

—*Florida Times-Union*.

Here It Is—There It Isn't

SHE: Jack is in love with you.

HER: Nonsense!

SHE: That's what I said when I heard it.

HER: How dared you!

—*Cornell Widow*.

The Power of Words

LADY (gently but firmly refusing all substitutes): No, thank you, I must have Scroggins'. I notice the advertisements speak so well of it!

—*London Mail*.

The Thing to Say

"What age would you say I was, young sir?"

"Half of what you really are, dear lady."—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.



Aspirin

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Always say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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Continuous music. Bubbling gaiety; sparkling life. Cool, refreshing—on the 19th floor of

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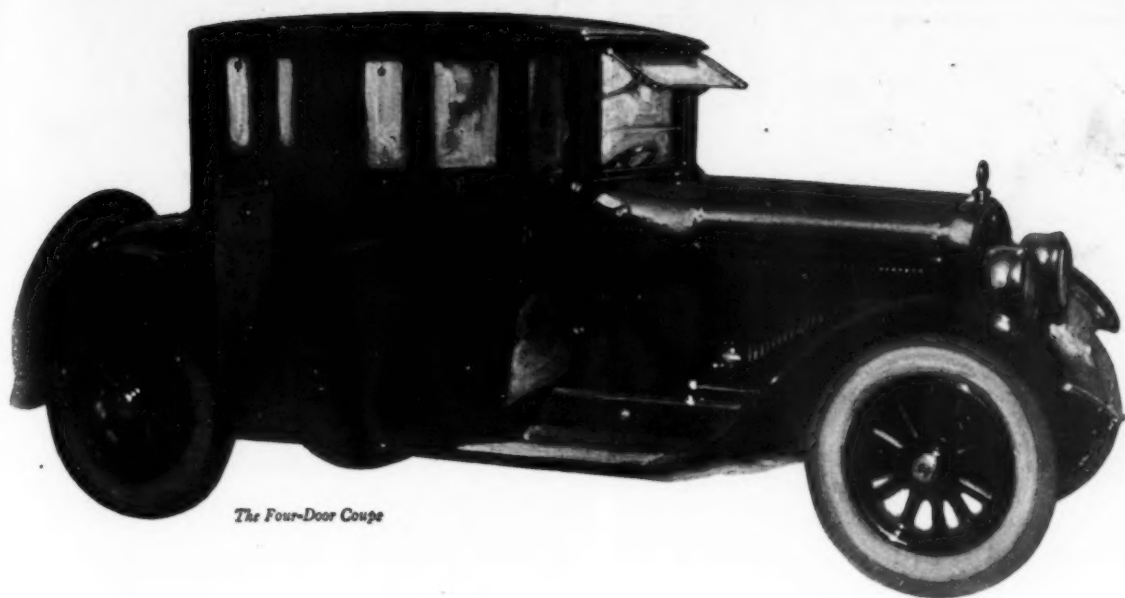
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YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN THERE WOULD BE SUCH A CAR

The best LAFAYETTE advertisements are never published in any magazine or newspaper.

They are the words of praise freely spoken by the men and women who have driven this car.

After your first ride in a LAFAYETTE you yourself will say, "I always knew there would be such a car."

From the moment you take the wheel and release that abundant flood of power you will be wholly won.

Fleet, eager, tireless, it lures you on, careless of distance, ruler of a hundred horsepower.

You will give up the wheel with reluctance at parting with this splendid car.

And forever after, whenever you drive another you will be impatient of its slightest fault.

After such a ride you will envy the LAFAYETTE owner the performance which is always his.

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LAFAYETTE





MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents and relieves nausea. Practically all Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water have officially adopted, and advise, this remedy. No cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives nor other habit forming drugs. Sold by leading druggists everywhere on guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. 60c and \$1.20.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

The Golem. *Riesensfeld.*—The story of a sacred idol that comes to life, set forth with unusually fine pictorial and dramatic effect.

A Private Scandal. *Realart.*—Dismal drama of domestic intrigue provides an inadequate starring vehicle for May McAvoy.

The Ten Dollar Raise. *Associated Producers.*—A realistic picture of American office life which loses itself in the mazes of ridiculous farce. Likely to be popular with those who have invested all their earnings in oil stocks, and who still hope for the best.

A Kiss in Time. *Realart.*—Airily light comedy which manages to hold the interest and evoke considerable mirth—thanks to the amiable antics of T. Roy Barnes.

Sowing the Wind. *First National.*—The story of a gambling house queen who sows the wind and reaps a harvest of raspberries. Anita Stewart is about the only redeeming feature.

Without Benefit of Clergy. *Pathé.*—Kipling's tale of a little Indian girl and her white lover has been reproduced on the screen with remarkable fidelity and intelligence. If you like Kipling, you can not fail to like this.

Appearances. *Paramount.*—Stupid and poorly acted drama dealing with the distinction between the upper and middle classes in England.

Doubling for Romeo. *Goldwyn.*—Will Rogers at last has a comedy which gives him a chance to be funny in his own way.

Life. *Paramount.*—William A. Brady's idea of life in New York's "high" society. Good for a lot of laughs, if you can persuade yourself that it is all done in a spirit of burlesque. If you take it seriously, however, you are in for a bad evening.

The Twice Born Woman. *Sonora.*—Uninteresting and unimpressive picture, based on the story of the Magdalene.

Carnival. *United Artists.*—English production of unusual merit, which includes some good acting, and a great many beautiful pictures of Venice.

Wealth. *Paramount.*—Ethel Clayton in a dull story about the curse of money. (You soon become convinced that you shouldn't have left yours at the box office.)

Hard Luck. *Metro.*—An enormously funny Buster Keaton comedy, in which he makes several valiant but futile efforts to commit suicide.

Salvation Nell. *First National.*—Edward Sheldon's famous play made into a tedious and long winded movie. Pauline Starke is excellent in the title rôle.

The Bronze Bell. *Paramount.*—Plots, counter-plots and counter-counter-plots become all tangled up with one another in this occasionally thrilling melodrama of the British Secret Service in India.

The Old Nest. *Goldwyn.*—Rupert Hughes starts out to depict a simple American family in a simple American home; and then proceeds to smear his subject with thick layers of grease paint, and to submerge it in depths of mawkish sentimentality. The idea is commendable, but the result is highly disappointing.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK—"An Unwilling Hero," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Sign on the Door," "The Golden Snare," "Straight from Paris" and "Love's Penalty."



Tommy's nightmare after a visit to the zoo, followed by a turkey feed.

Reduced Rates for Marlboroughs

ANOTHER American-born lady has married the Duke of Marlborough. So much good American money has gone into repairs at Blenheim that Dukes of Marlborough can afford to marry cheaper than they could in the late century, and if the disposition to marry them keeps up, that form of gratification may presently come to be within the reach of the comparatively poor.

Parvum in Multo

THERE was an old man of Larousse Who dined every day on a goose. It made him quite fat, But he said, "What of that! My clothes are still awfully loose."